

AGE AND UNBELIEVABLE!



ANC

JOURNEY

MAY 1952

NO. 7

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into



FEAR

The Werewolf Lurks
DEATH is my **HOBBY**
Terror Without Name
HAUNT from the **SEA**





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DEATH is my Hobby

SINCE MY CHILDHOOD I HAD BEEN OBSESSED WITH BLACK MAGIC! I SOUGHT OUT WITCHES, STUDIED THE BLACK MASS, AND ONCE I SACRIFICED A GOAT BY FULL MOON! ALWAYS I SOUGHT KNOWLEDGE AND POWER... AND THEN ONE DAY I FOUND THE BOOK...



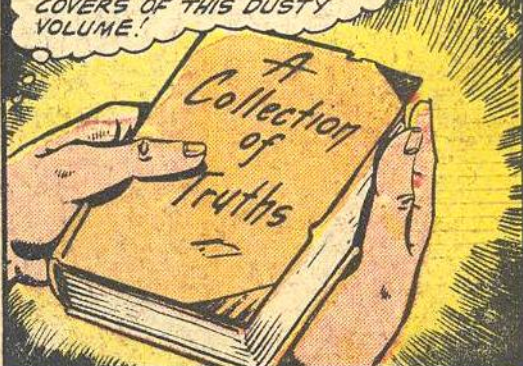
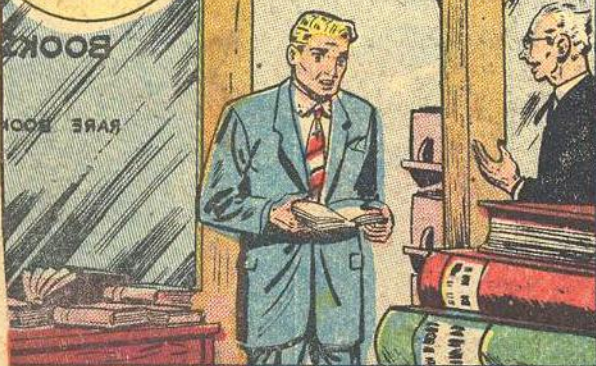
I WAS BROWSING THROUGH A CHARING CROSS BOOKSTAND WHEN I FOUND IT...

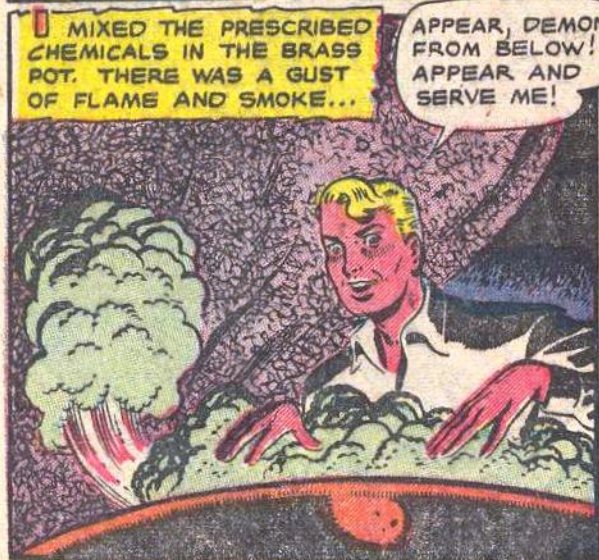
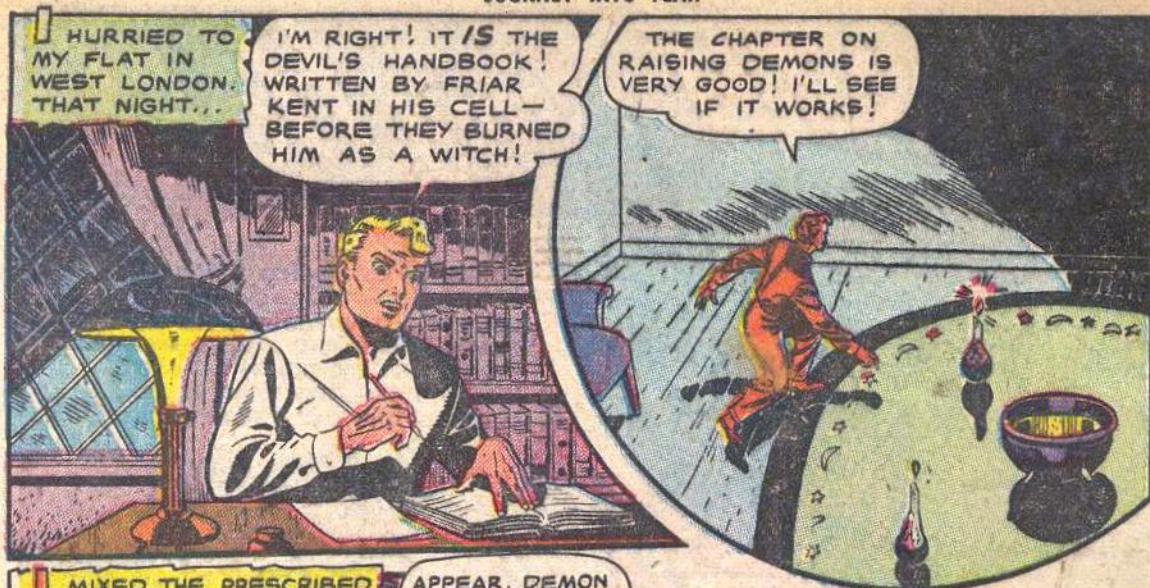
JOVE! AT LONG LAST! OF ALL PLACES!

FIND SOMETHING INTERESTING, YOUNG MAN?

SOMETHING INTERESTING! I HAD TO CHUCKLE INWARDLY AT THAT...

HAH! THE DEVIL'S HANDBOOK! CONCEALED BETWEEN THE COVERS OF THIS DUSTY VOLUME!





JOURNEY INTO FEAR

I HAD
LEARNED MY
LESSON!
NEXT DAY I
SET OUT FOR
AN OLD
HOUSE I
OWNED IN
THE SOUTH,
NEAR
DARTMOOR...

BEEN YEARS SINCE
I WAS HERE! HOPE
THE OLD WRECK IS
STILL STANDING!

THERE IT IS!
WHAT A RUIN!
BUT AT LEAST I
WON'T BE
DISTURBED
HERE!

AS NIGHT FELL
A TERRIBLE STORM
CAME ON! IT SEEMED
TO AUGUR WELL FOR
WHAT I
HAD IN
MIND...

GOOD! FINE! THE
BOOK SAYS THAT
DEMONS RESPOND
DURING A STORM!

AGAIN I
MADE MY
APPEAL TO
THE DEMONS
BELOW...

APPEAR, DEMON!
APPEAR AND SERVE
ME. I COMMAND
YOU!

I AM HERE,
ALAN LANDSDALE!
I SERVE YOU
FOREVER! COMMAND
ME, O, MASTER!

I D-DID
IT! Y-YOU'RE
REALLY A
DEMON!

T- THERE'S
SOMETHING IN
THE CIRCLE! IT-
IT'S GROWING!





I HAD NOT EXPECTED ANYTHING QUITE SO TERRIBLE! I FORCED MYSELF TO BE CALM...

AND YOU ARE MY DEMON? YOU WILL DO ANYTHING I TELL YOU TO DO?

CRIMES! ANYTHING AT ALL! COMMAND ME AND SEE, MASTER!

HAH—HAH—OF COURSE, MASTER! ANYTHING! FOULEST OF MURDER—THE

THERE IS A GREAT PRISON NEAR HERE! DARTMOOR! COULD YOU DESTROY IT AND SET ALL THE CONVICTS FREE?

CHILD'S PLAY, MASTER! I KNOW THE PLACE WELL! GO YOU TO A HILL NEARBY AND WATCH! IN HALF AN HOUR'S TIME...

HALF AN HOUR LATER, I WAS STARING DOWN AT THE PRISON...

NOTHING YET! D—DID I DREAM ALL THAT? BUT THERE WAS A DEMON—I KNOW IT!

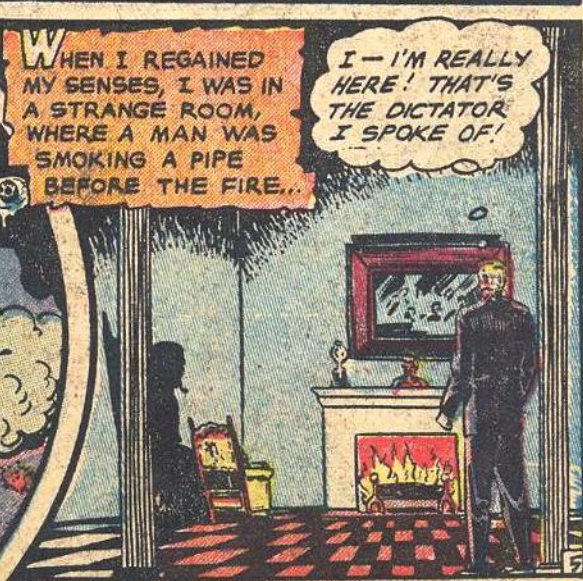


AND THEN...

I COULD NOT CONTROL MY TERROR AT WHAT I HAD DONE. I RAN MADLY...

UGH—GOT TO GET AWAY FROM HERE! IT WAS HORRIBLE! THOSE MEN BURNING!







I WAS CONSCIOUS ONLY OF MY POWER. AS I SAW THE DEMON ABOUT TO CARRY OUT MY ORDERS! I WAS GOING TO CHANGE THE WORLD...

I COMMAND YOU, DEMON! STRANGLE HIM!

IT'S TRUE! IT'S HAPPENING—A POWERFUL DICTATOR DYING AT MY COMMAND! HAH—HAH—I CAN RULE THE WORLD NOW!



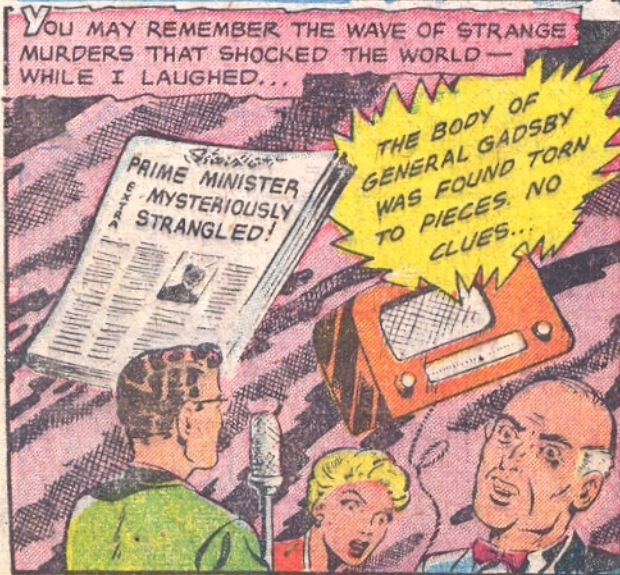
WHEN IT WAS OVER AND WE HAD RETURNED TO THE HOUSE ON THE MOOR...

COME EARLY TOMORROW, DEMON! WE HAVE MUCH MORE TO DO. MANY TO KILL!

I WILL BE HERE, MASTER!



I MUST HAVE THE LIST READY SOON! ALL THE CROOKED POLITICIANS, THE SCOUNDRELS OF THE WORLD, THE WAR MONGERS! THEY MUST ALL DIE!



YOU MAY REMEMBER THE WAVE OF STRANGE MURDERS THAT SHOCKED THE WORLD—WHILE I LAUGHED...

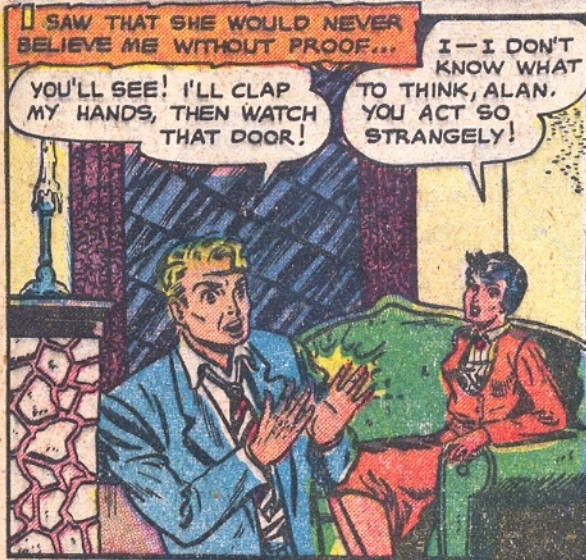
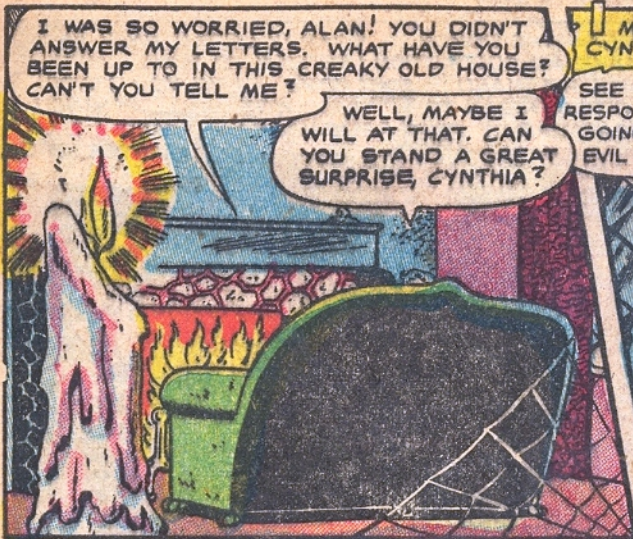
THE BODY OF GENERAL GADSBY WAS FOUND TORN TO PIECES. NO CLUES...



MY PLANS WERE GOING WELL—AND THEN ONE NIGHT...

ALAN! I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE HERE! ARE YOU ILL, DARLING? IS SOMETHING WRONG?

H—HELLO, CYNTHIA! WHAT BRINGS YOU WAY DOWN HERE?





KILL HER! YOU MUST OBEY!
YOU ARE MY SLAVE, BOUND TO
ME! I RAISED YOU FROM THE
UNDERWORLD! KILL, I SAY!
KILL!

I SAW THE DEMON
MAKE AN ODD MOTION
WITH HIS HAND!
CYNTHIA BEGAN TO
DISAPPEAR...

VANISH, LITTLE ONE!
RETURN TO YOUR
HOME— AND YOU
WILL NOT
REMEMBER.

STOP!
Y-YOU
CAN'T! I AM
MASTER HERE...



YOU WERE THE MASTER! BUT
NO LONGER, MY FRIEND! I
WOULD NOT SERVE A MADMAN
EVEN IF I COULD!

NO!
KEEP
AWAY!



I DISOBEYED YOU, SO NOW I
AM DOOMED ALSO! I CANNOT
RETURN TO MY HOME BELOW!
I WILL DIE— BUT SO
SHALL YOU!

N- NO—
(GASP—)
DON'T
KILL ME!



HAH—HAH—THE LITTLE JOKE
IS OVER FOR YOU! DIE—AND
SOON I WILL FOLLOW YOU!



YOU SEE, MY FRIENDS, WHAT HAPPENS WHEN
YOU SUMMON DEMONS! BEWARE! AND YOU
WHO READ THIS STORY—TAKE HEED!
NEVER SEEK TO KNOW WHAT IS
FORBIDDEN...

Editor's note:

THIS STORY WAS
WRITTEN FROM A DIARY FOUND IN A SAFE
IN A BURNED OUT HOUSE IN SOUTHERN
ENGLAND. JUDGE FOR YOURSELF.

The
End

The WEREWOLF LURKS



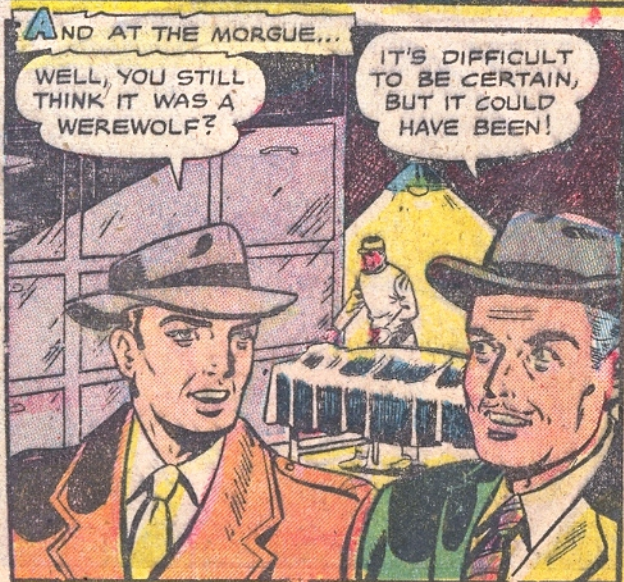
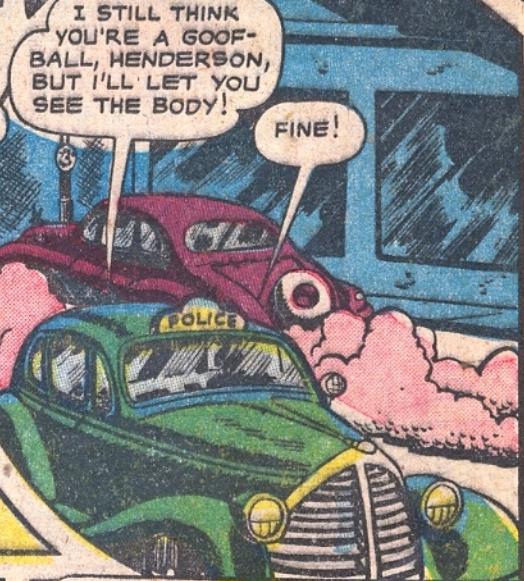
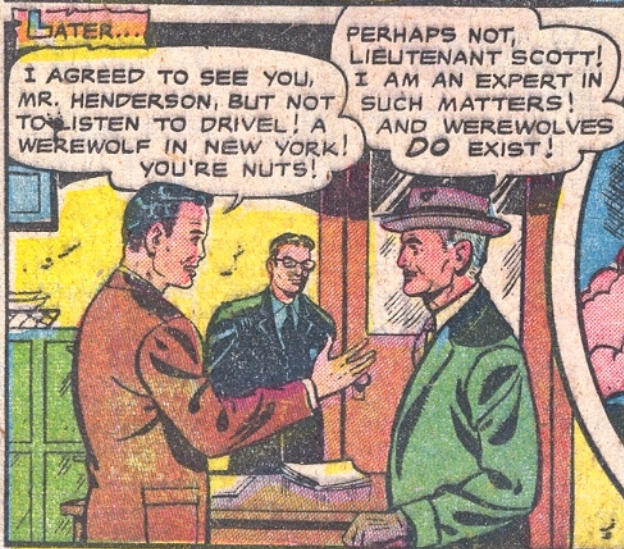
IT STARTED ONE DARK NIGHT IN CENTRAL PARK...

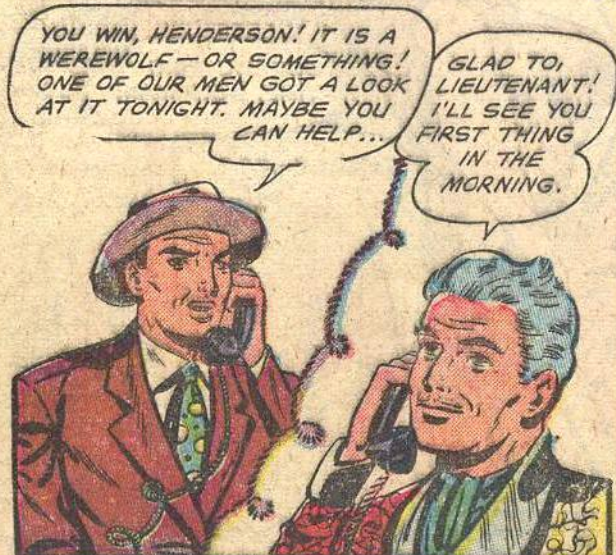
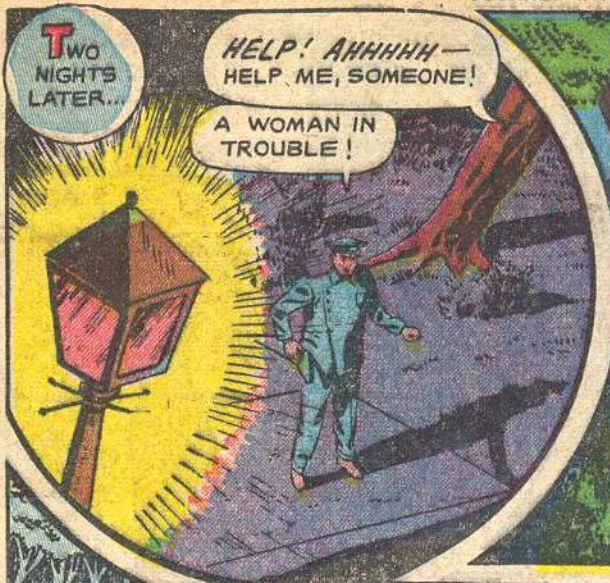
FUNNY, BUT I K-KEEP THINKING SOMEONE IS FOLLOWING ME!



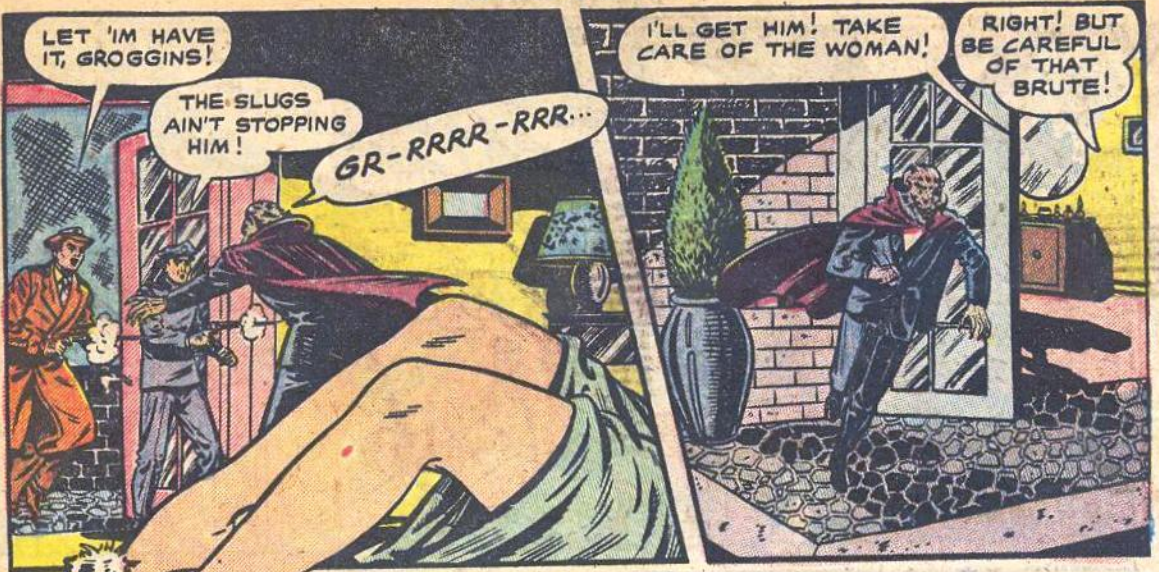
WHA... NO!
GET AWAY!
OHHHH...













GHOST CLINIC

by Doctor Shade

CLAWS OF REVENGE

THE FLUFFY white Persian cat, Boots, came carefully into the room. Henry Rutherford, from behind the evening paper, watched with narrowed eyes as the cat avoided him, circling wide to avoid the kick it always anticipated, and crossed the room to rub against Martha's ankles. Hatred crinkled in the man's mind. How he hated that cat! How he hated all cats! Almost as much as he hated his wife . . .

Martha Rutherford stooped to rub a hand along the cat's arching back. "Nice Boots," she murmured. "At least you love me, don't you, baby? At least you don't want to get rid of me."

The man slid deeper behind the paper, not wanting to see the petulant expression on his wife's face. Not wanting to hear the note of suffering, of self pity, in her voice. Not wanting to hear her scream, for the thousand and first time, that she would *not* give him a divorce. Oh — how he hated her. How he wished her dead.

Dead! He rolled the thought around in his mind, savoring it, liking the sound of it. It no longer frightened him as it had at first. Martha dead! That would solve everything, he mused. But how? She was perfectly healthy, and not really an old woman. She would live for years yet — unless . . .

Martha lifted her bulk from the chair. She picked up the cat, cuddling it close to her. "Come on, baby. We'll go out and look at the garden, you and I. It'll be time to plant the flowers pretty soon. And maybe there will be a surprise for you, Boots. A nice surprise."

Dröol! Henry Rutherford watched with a frown as his wife, still carrying the cat, left the room. A few moments later he heard the kitchen door open, heard her go into the garden behind the house. Such dröol, he reflected again, bitterly. If she had ever loved him half as much as she loved that blasted cat! And her equally blasted flowers! No, he was nothing but a meal ticket for her, and a meal ticket that she wasn't going to relinquish as long as they both lived. The thought struck again, sharp as pain. As long as they lived! As long as *she* lived!

He went into the kitchen and watched Martha digging in the garden. It was a cold day in early March, with a pale blue sky dotted with fuzzy clouds, but soon Martha would be planting her garden. Rutherford glanced at the kitchen table, saw the packets of seeds that his wife had brought home only an hour earlier. Seeds! Garden! An idea began to grow in his mind.

A week later he was ready to put his plan into execution. He had thought of everything, he was sure. At first Martha had balked at the idea of going to her sister's home for a long stay, but he had convinced her.

"It will do you good," he said. "We both need a change. When you come back we'll both have a nice sensible talk about matters."

Her eyes hardened at that. "There's nothing to talk about," she snapped. "I'm not giving you a divorce. That's final. Maybe I'd better stay here. I think you're up to something, Henry."

"No," he had said wearily. "I'm not up to anything. And never mind about the divorce. I can see it's no use. But at least we need a rest from each other."

So she had agreed to go. Rutherford had then seen to it that the neighbors, and their few friends, knew about the trip. Carefully he arranged Martha's schedule so that she would leave on a late train — but not so late that the neighbors would not still be up. They would see them leave the house for the station, with Martha's bags piled in the rear of the car. Yes, he had it all down very pat.

It worked like a charm. As they drove away the Denny family, across the street, waved a cheerful goodbye. It was a long time, and very dark, before Henry Rutherford came back. They had missed the train, of course, because he had set his watch purposely slow.

Martha was in the back seat when he drove into the garage. In the back seat beneath a pile of blankets, her head smashed like an egg shell. After missing the train Rutherford had driven on to the next town, in an effort to catch the train there, but at a dark place on the road he had stopped. And so had Martha's life. Now all that remained was to carry out the details of his plan.

It was a full night's work. Her baggage he burnt in the furnace, piece by piece. Then, in pitch darkness — he had made sure there would be no moon — he buried Martha in the garden. It was a large garden, surrounded by a high brick wall, ideal for his purpose.

Only when he tried to catch the white cat, Boots, did things go wrong. The cat snarled at him, spat, and vanished into the night when Rutherford approached it with an iron poker. He had intended to bury it with his wife.

But the cat lived. And all that night Rutherford toiled, working over the grave

of his wife. Next morning, early, a neighbor saw him in the garden working with a spade.

"Putting in the garden," he told the neighbor. "I thought I would have it all spaded and planted before Martha comes back. You know how she loves a garden." And he patted the fresh turned earth lovingly with the spade. Later he found the seeds that Martha had bought, and planted them carefully. As he worked he chuckled inwardly. Martha would have a garden, all right. Growing right over her . . .

WHEN, a few days later, he called in the police he was not worried. His wife had vanished, bags and all. The police were sympathetic, and the routine work of finding a missing person began. No luck, of course. Rutherford grieved outwardly, while rejoicing within. And in the garden little green shoots began to push up through the brown earth. The police came again and again, always with sympathy, telling him with worried frowns that his wife seemed to have vanished from the earth. Rutherford guessed that they were checking on him, on his movements, but still he did not worry. How could they ever know!

Martha had been dead a little over a month when the cat came back. Rutherford had almost forgotten it, until he looked out the kitchen window and felt a thrill of terror up and down his spine. The white cat was digging at the grave!

He felt an iron hand grip his heart as he watched Boots pawing among the tiny plants. The cat knew!

His face contorted with fear and rage, the man rushed into the garden. But as he approached the cat he regained his senses, tried guile. After all, it was only his nerves playing tricks! How could the cat know anything?

"Nice Boots," Rutherford called. "Come here, kitty. I won't hurt you."

The cat spat at him once, then vanished over the fence. Carefully Rutherford smoothed out the hole that Boots had been digging. He wondered if the neighbors had noticed anything. That blasted cat . . .

Again the next day he caught the cat in the garden. And the day after that. Always Boots was digging at the soft earth above the grave. And always he eluded the frantic dashes of the man. Rutherford could no longer sleep for the fear that began to gnaw in him like a worm. The cat *did* know, after all! He was sure of it now. Someway, somehow, that cat *knew* that his mistress was buried in the garden.

Rutherford lost weight. He grew pale and weak from lack of sleep. Even when

he dropped off, in his chair beside the kitchen window, he dreamed that the cat was digging at the grave. Once, when he awoke with a start, the cat *was* digging. The man began to fear that he would go mad. Because he could not stand to leave the house he quit his job, began to live on his savings, spending all his time in the kitchen.

He knew now that he had to kill the cat. Traps were no good, as he found out. Somehow he had to kill Boots. But how to do it in a way that would not attract any attention? That he must not do!

Then the worst began. Rutherford, haunting the window, watched it happen with a new horror. Boots was once more in the garden, digging, but this time he was not alone. There were other cats with him. Five of them, of all sizes and colors. Cats! Cats who knew his secret. Cats who were going to expose him, — and the body of Martha.

Rutherford began to laugh. Mad laughter that rang through the house. He held his sides and laughed and laughed as he watched the cats digging away. They rolled and played, but always they dug. The man's mad laughter soared. They all knew. Boots had told every cat in the neighborhood. They wanted revenge. They were getting it.

Suddenly Henry Rutherford's face twisted into a snarl. He rushed upstairs, got his old shotgun, and came down. He ran into the garden, seeing through a red haze now, seeing that more cats had joined the diggers.

"Cats," he roared. "Filthy cats! I'll show you! Die — die, all of you." And he pointed the shotgun and pulled the trigger, firing blindly, seeing the cats run and scatter, spitting their hatred at him. He did not care. He reloaded and fired again. And again . . .

When the police got there they found him squatting over the grave, laughing, and clawing at the earth with his fingers. They made enough sense of his gibberish to fetch spades and start digging. They found Martha at last, with Rutherford still laughing insanely. The handcuffs shone like silver on his wrists.

One of the cops picked a plant out of the earth, sniffed, and looked at the raving man. "Catnip," he said coldly. "Someone planted catnip here. That explains the cats. They love it."

Somewhere in his dulled brain Rutherford was remembering now. A surprise, Martha had said. A surprise for her beloved Boots. Catnip! It must have been in those seeds — the ones he himself had planted to cover the grave.

Surprise indeed! Rutherford went off into another howl of mad laughter.

TERROR WITHOUT NAME



MEN LIKE SIDNEY KING, WHO KNEW THE DEADLY POWERS LURKING WITHIN THE EARTH, NEWLY USED FOR ATOMIC TESTING, FEARED ELECTRIC STORMS WITH GRIM EARNESTNESS...

THE GROUNDS SEEM TO PULL THAT LIGHTNING RIGHT OUT OF THE SKIES!

THOUGHT I'D FIND YOU FOLKS AT THE CONTROLS! SAY! IT'S MIGHTY QUIET IN HERE...

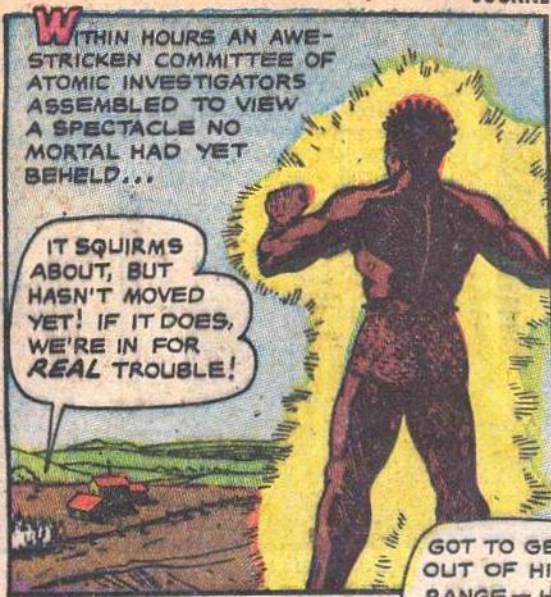
OH, SIDNEY, COME AND LOOK AT THIS!

RADIO ACTIVE AREA - KEEP OUT! DANGER!



STRUGGLING TO REMAIN UPRIGHT ON THE HEAVING GROUND, THE GROUP, TRAINED FOR SCIENCE, BRAVED AN UNKNOWN FORCE IN ITS ANXIETY TO MAKE FURTHER INVESTIGATION...





WITHIN HOURS AN AWE-STRIKEN COMMITTEE OF ATOMIC INVESTIGATORS ASSEMBLED TO VIEW A SPECTACLE NO MORTAL HAD YET BEHELD...

IT SQUIRMS ABOUT, BUT HASN'T MOVED YET! IF IT DOES, WE'RE IN FOR REAL TROUBLE!

GOT TO GET OUT OF HIS RANGE— HE'S CAUSING WIND PITS!

IT'S SOME KIND OF A GIANT MONSTER! LOOK OUT! HE'S SWIPING AT US!



BUT SHOULDN'T A THING OF THAT SIZE HAVE THE POWER TO WREST ITSELF FREE?

THEN WHAT WOULD HAPPEN?

CAN'T YOU IMAGINE, MAN? NOT ONLY ITS SIZE, BUT IT'S COLLECTIVELY THE LARGEST MASS OF RADIO-ACTIVATED MATTER EVER DREAMED OF!



WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT MORE ABOUT IT, LINDA, BUT I'D FEEL BETTER IF YOU'D GET A FEW HUNDRED MILES AWAY FROM THIS PLACE!

I KNOW ORDERS ARE ORDERS, SIDNEY, BUT I BEG YOU TO BE CAREFUL!

BEWILDERED AND SICK WITH THE KNOWLEDGE OF THEIR FINDINGS, THE PLANES RETURNED WITH FANTASTIC REPORTS...

IT'S A FORM OF LIFE ALL RIGHT! ITS LEGS ARE TRAPPED IN THE EARTH!



I'M AFRAID IT'S CERTAIN DEATH, LINDA... FOR EVERYONE!

JUST HOW BAD IS ALL THIS, SIDNEY?



NIGHT DID NOTHING TO SHUT OFF THE HORROR, FOR INHUMAN GROANS SHOOK THE COUNTRYSIDE, AND ALMOST BY PLAN, A MIGRATION OF FEAR-RIDDEN RESIDENTS BEGAN... A TERROR-DRIVEN EVACUATION...



WHILE IN WASHINGTON, AN ASSEMBLY, THE LIKES OF WHICH EVEN WORLD WAR HAD NOT NECESSITATED, TRIED TO SOLVE THE GRIM PROBLEM...

...WE HAVE NO OTHER CHOICE, GENTLEMEN!



THE MONSTER IS TO BE BOMBED. IT'S THE ONLY WAY!

BUT WE'RE ONLY ACTING IN FEAR! IT SHOULD BE STUDIED IN THE NAME OF ATOMIC SCIENCE!



YET ALL THIS WHILE, THE HIDEOUS CREATURE LOOMED OVER THE DESERTED LANDSCAPE AND BELLOWED HIS PAIN... HIS PROTEST... AND SOMETHING ELSE, WHICH SEEMED TO BE HUNGER...



IN THE GOVERNMENT'S CONFUSION, THE MEN OF SCIENCE GAINED A STRANGE POINT... PERMISSION TO FEED THE GIANT WITH LONG RANGE ARTILLERY...

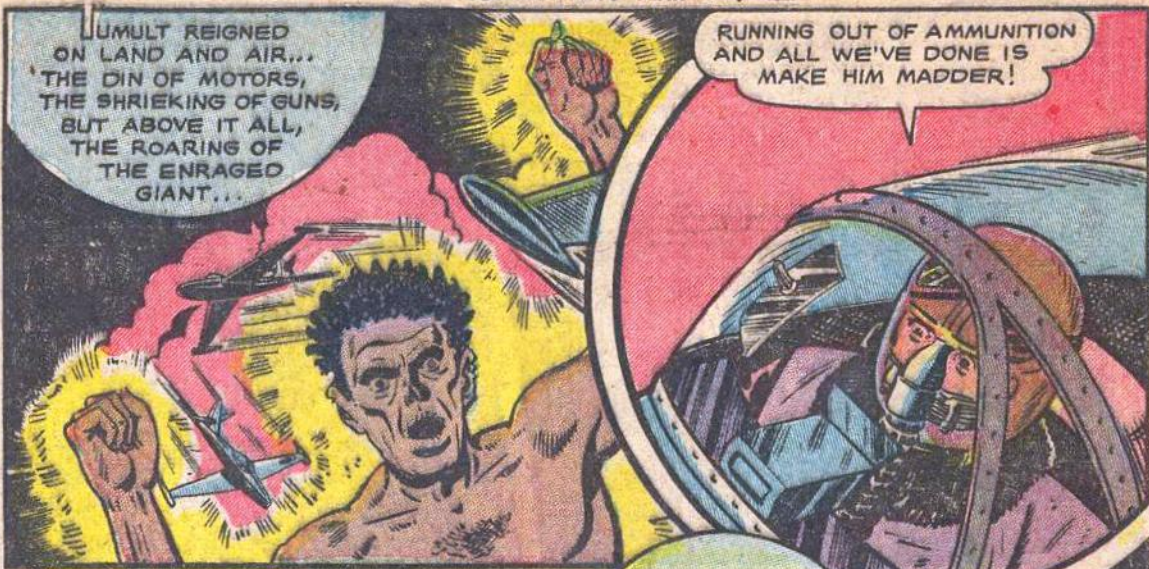


... BUT WHY STRUGGLE TO KEEP THAT NIGHT-MARE ALIVE IF IT WILL EVENTUALLY KILL US?

IT'S GOT TO BE STUDIED, LINDA! AS A SCIENTIST, YOU SHOULD REALIZE THAT!







LUMULT REIGNED ON LAND AND AIR... THE DIN OF MOTORS, THE SHRIEKING OF GUNS, BUT ABOVE IT ALL, THE ROARING OF THE ENRAGED GIANT...

RUNNING OUT OF AMMUNITION AND ALL WE'VE DONE IS MAKE HIM MADDER!



LINDA, I LOVE YOU! YOU'VE GOT TO GET AWAY FROM HERE WHILE THERE'S STILL A CHANCE TO REMAIN ALIVE!

Y-YOU LOVE ME? WE'RE ABOUT TO DIE, AND YOU FINALLY DISCOVER THAT!

...AGAIN THE EARTH HEAVED AND GROANED... THE MONSTER SEEMED TO SHIFT INTO A NEW POSITION... THE SPECTATORS MOANED IN MASS HORROR...



H-HE'S FREED ONE LEG!

IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF MINUTES NOW AND HE'LL BE COMPLETELY FREE!

THE PLANES AND GUNS ARE USELESS NOW!

IT WAS USELESS TO FLEE NOW... THE PEOPLE WATCHED AS ALMOST CERTAIN DEATH LOOMED ABOVE THEM...



HE'S FREE! HE'S FREED HIS OTHER LEG!

WE'RE DOOMED! HE'LL TRAMPLE US TO DEATH!

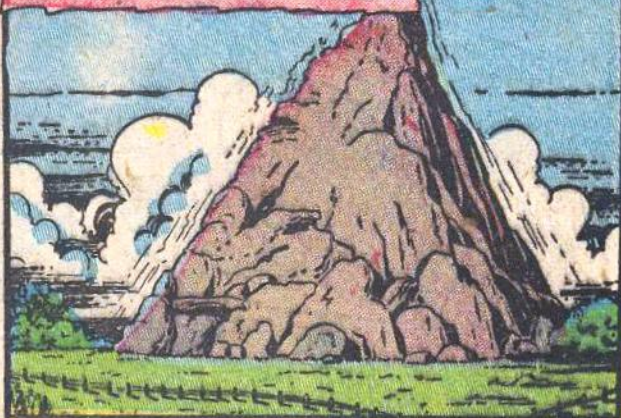
EVEN THE NEARNESS OF HIM WOULD ELECTROCUTE AN ARMY!



WAIT! LOOK! WHAT'S HAPPENING? H-HE'S DISINTEGRATING!



BEFORE A THOUSAND FEAR-CRAZED EYES COULD COMPREHEND WHAT THEY WERE BEHOLDING, THE CREATURE CHANGED FORM... HE LOST SHAPE, AND WITHOUT SOUND, SETTLED IN A SOLID MASS...



APPARENTLY ONCE HE FREED HIMSELF AND BROKE RADIO-CONTACT WITH LIFE GIVING PROPERTIES IN THAT ATOMIC PROVING GROUND, HE WAS DOOMED!

BUT THAT COULD MEAN A POSSIBILITY OF RECURRENCE...

WHO KNOWS, GENTLEMEN... WHO KNOWS!



A MONSTER CREATED BY RADIO-ACTIVITY TOUCHED OFF BY LIGHTNING! WE'VE SEEN EVERYTHING NOW, LINDA!

...AT LEAST IT MADE YOU SEE ME!



Hunt from the Sea

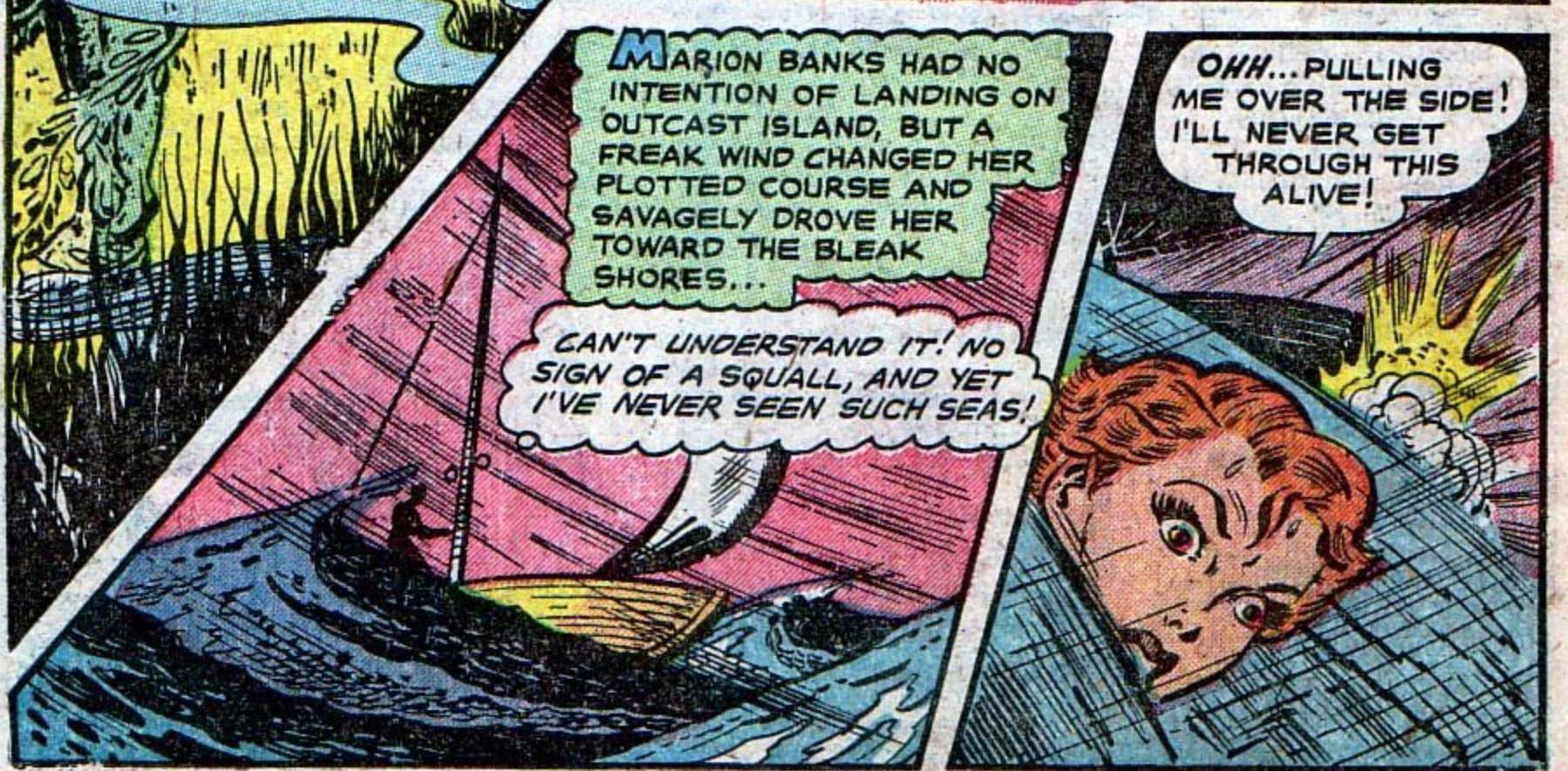
IT ROSE FROM THE DEPTHS SEEKING COMPANIONSHIP AND IN EXCHANGE IT OFFERED DEATH!

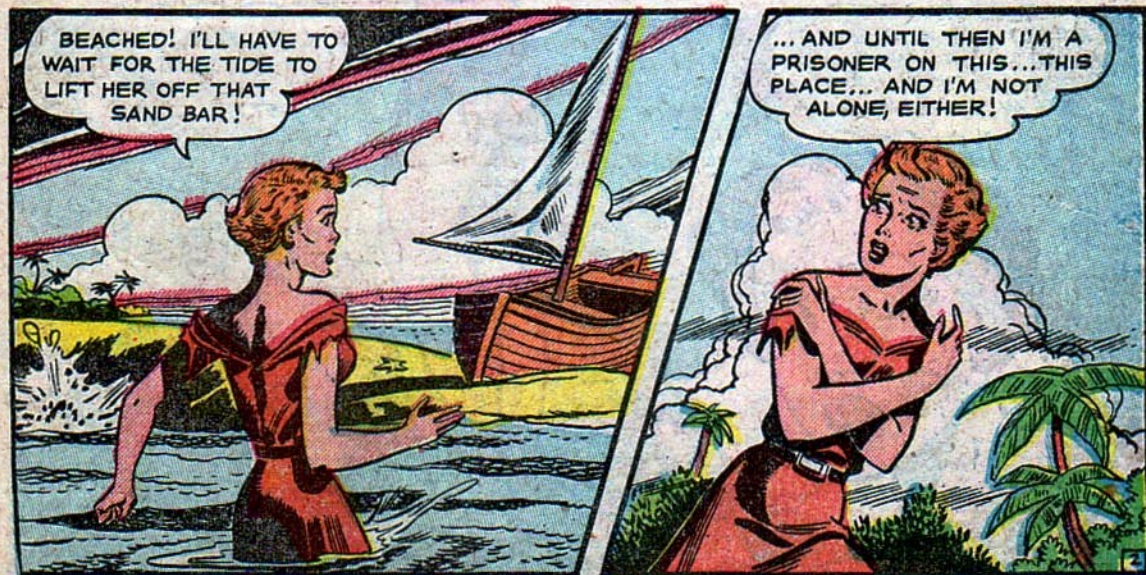
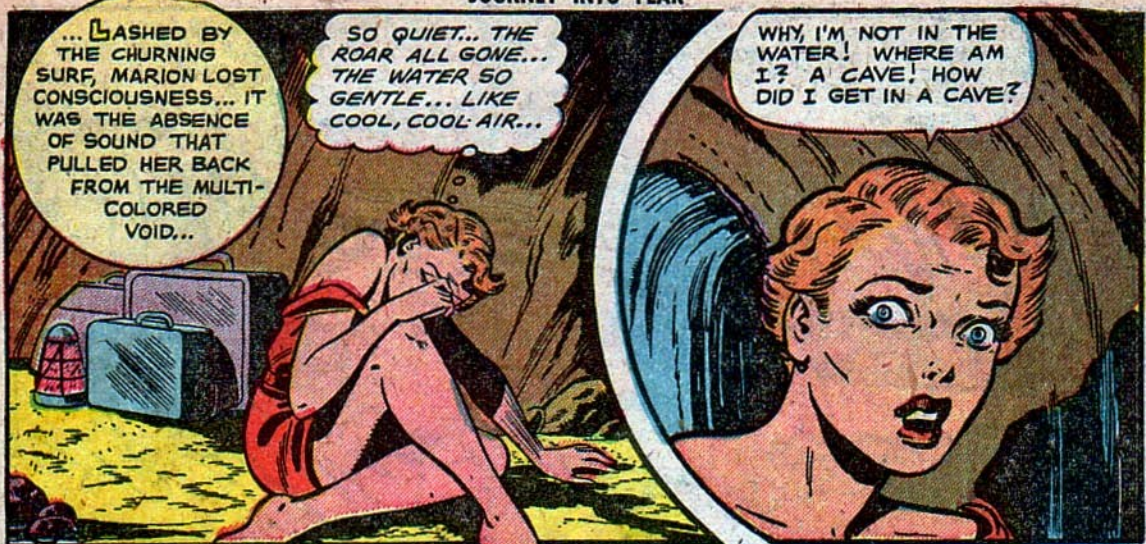


MARION BANKS HAD NO INTENTION OF LANDING ON OUTCAST ISLAND, BUT A FREAK WIND CHANGED HER PLOTTED COURSE AND SAVAGELY DROVE HER TOWARD THE BLEAK SHORES...

CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! NO SIGN OF A SQUALL, AND YET I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH SEAS!

OH...PULLING ME OVER THE SIDE! I'LL NEVER GET THROUGH THIS ALIVE!

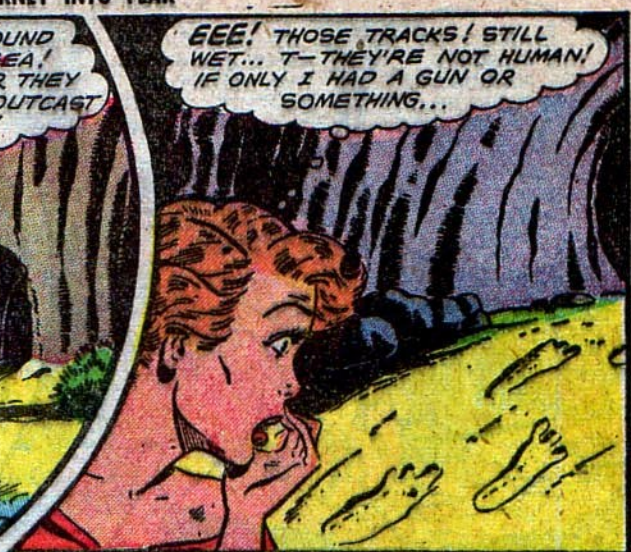




CHILLED FROM THE SEA-SWEPT WINDS, MARION WAS OBLIGED TO SEEK SHELTER IN THE STRANGE CAVE...

NOT A SOUND BUT THE SEA! NO WONDER THEY CALL THIS OUTCAST ISLAND!

EEE! THOSE TRACKS! STILL WET... T-THEY'RE NOT HUMAN! IF ONLY I HAD A GUN OR SOMETHING...



THANK GOODNESS FOR MY LANTERN... WHAT ON EARTH IS THAT GLOWING THERE? WHY, IT LOOKS LIKE A GIANT PEARL!

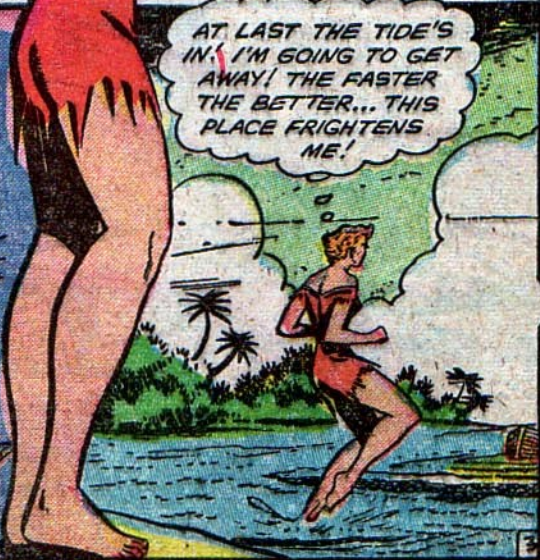
FASCINATED BY THE SIZE OF THE PRECIOUS GEM, MARION REACHED HESITATINGLY FOR IT, AND HOLDING IT TOWARD THE FLICKERING LIGHT, ADMIRING ITS SUBTLE LUSTER...

I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING SO BEAUTIFUL! BUT HOW WOULD A PEARL GET IN A PLACE LIKE THIS?



MAYBE IT'S A THIEVES' HIDEOUT! IF I'M FOUND HERE, MY LIFE MIGHT BE IN DANGER...

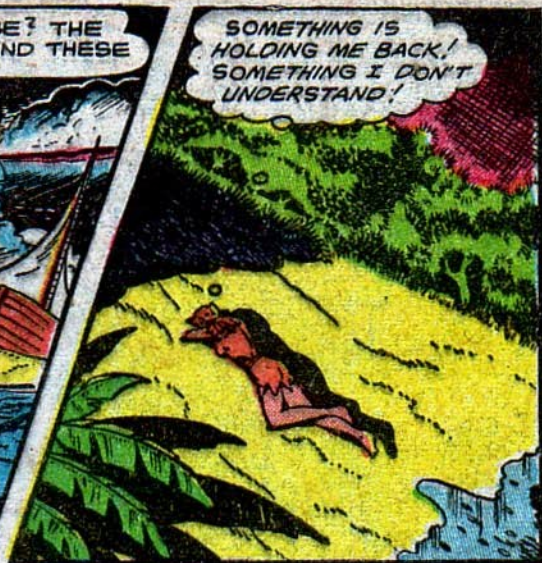
AT LAST THE TIDE'S IN! I'M GOING TO GET AWAY! THE FASTER THE BETTER... THIS PLACE FRIGHTENS ME!



BUT AGAIN THE SURF ROSE IN FOAMING MADNESS AND PUSHED WITH ITS MIGHTY POWER, PREVENTING THE GIRL'S ESCAPE...

HOW COULD THIS BE? THE SEA IS CALM BEYOND THESE BREAKERS!

SOMETHING IS HOLDING ME BACK!
SOMETHING I DON'T UNDERSTAND!

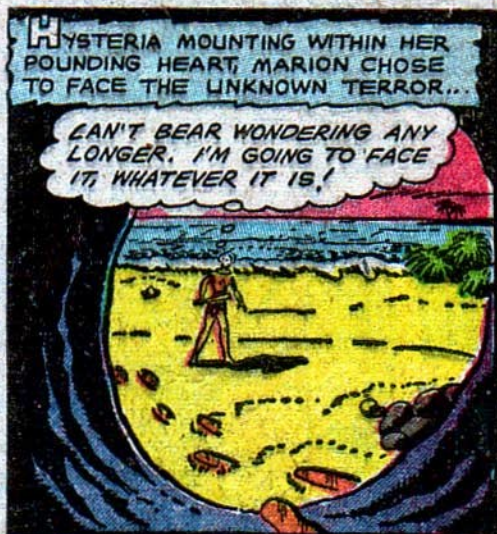


THOSE WET TRACKS AGAIN! THEY HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH ALL THIS! HOW CAN I PROTECT MYSELF...



MYSTERY MOUNTING WITHIN HER POUNDING HEART, MARION CHOSE TO FACE THE UNKNOWN TERROR...

CAN'T BEAR WONDERING ANY LONGER. I'M GOING TO FACE IT, WHATEVER IT IS!



I'M COMING, WHOEVER YOU ARE! I'LL FIND YOU... I'LL KILL YOU!



OH, NO!
NO...



MARION BEHELD A SIGHT SO INCREDIBLE, SHE DISBELIEVED HER OWN EYES, BUT THE CREATURE WAS MOVING SLUGGISHLY ACROSS THE CAVE TOWARD HER...

NO...I'M DREAMING... IT ISN'T TRUE... **KEEP AWAY!** DON'T TOUCH ME!

HELP... PLEASE—
SOMEONE H-HELP ME... **OHhhh...**

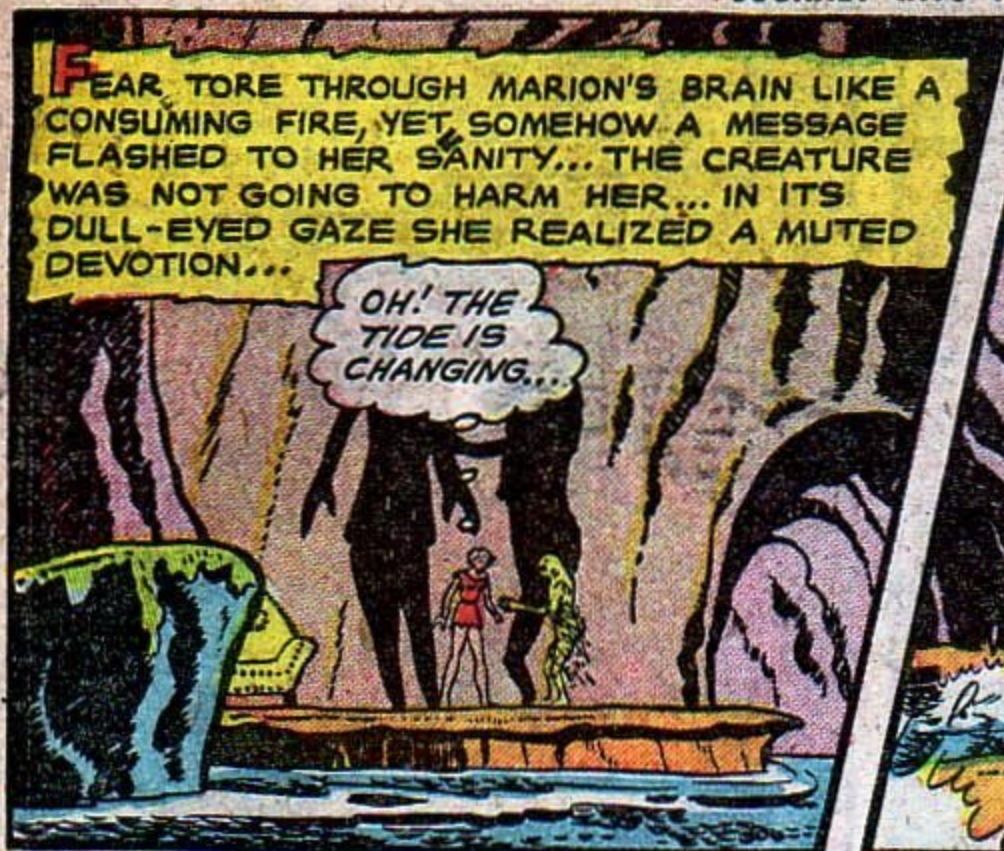
ALMOST GENTLY THE TREMENDOUS CLAWS HELD MARION'S LIMP FORM AND ONCE AGAIN WET TRACKS TRACED A PATH ACROSS THE BEACH...

DON'T LET IT BE TRUE... WHERE AM I? GOT TO GET AWAY FROM THIS FIENDISH PLACE...

LET ME GO! P-PLEASE LET ME GO!

BUT HE WON'T... I KNOW HE WON'T!

ARE YOU G-GOING TO KILL ME? WHAT DO YOU WANT? I BEG YOU TO LET ME GO...



FEAR TORE THROUGH MARION'S BRAIN LIKE A CONSUMING FIRE, YET SOMEHOW A MESSAGE FLASHED TO HER SANITY... THE CREATURE WAS NOT GOING TO HARM HER... IN ITS DULL-EYED GAZE SHE REALIZED A MUTED DEVOTION...

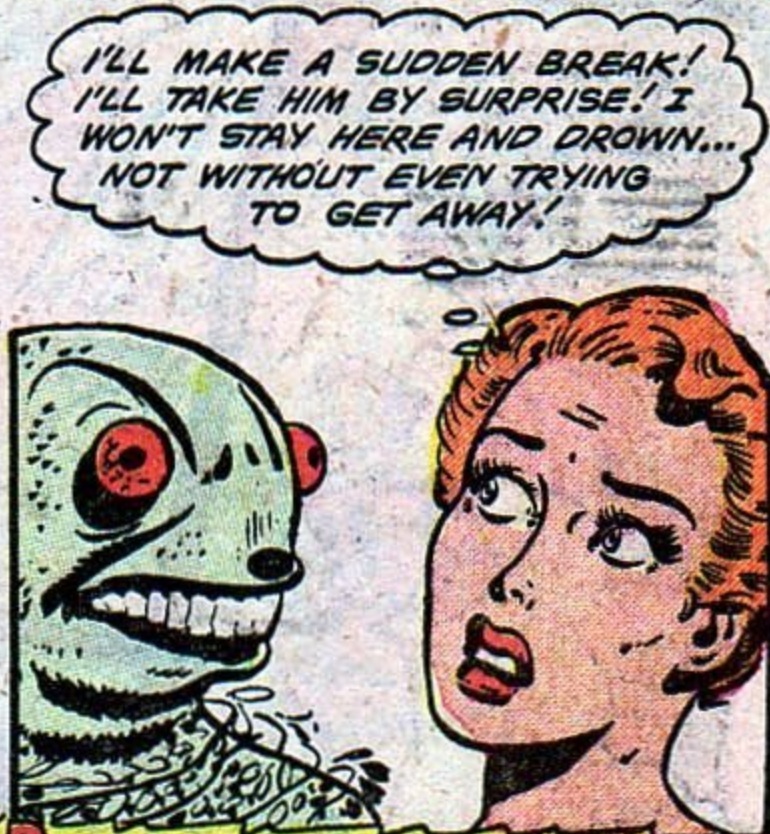
OH! THE TIDE IS CHANGING...



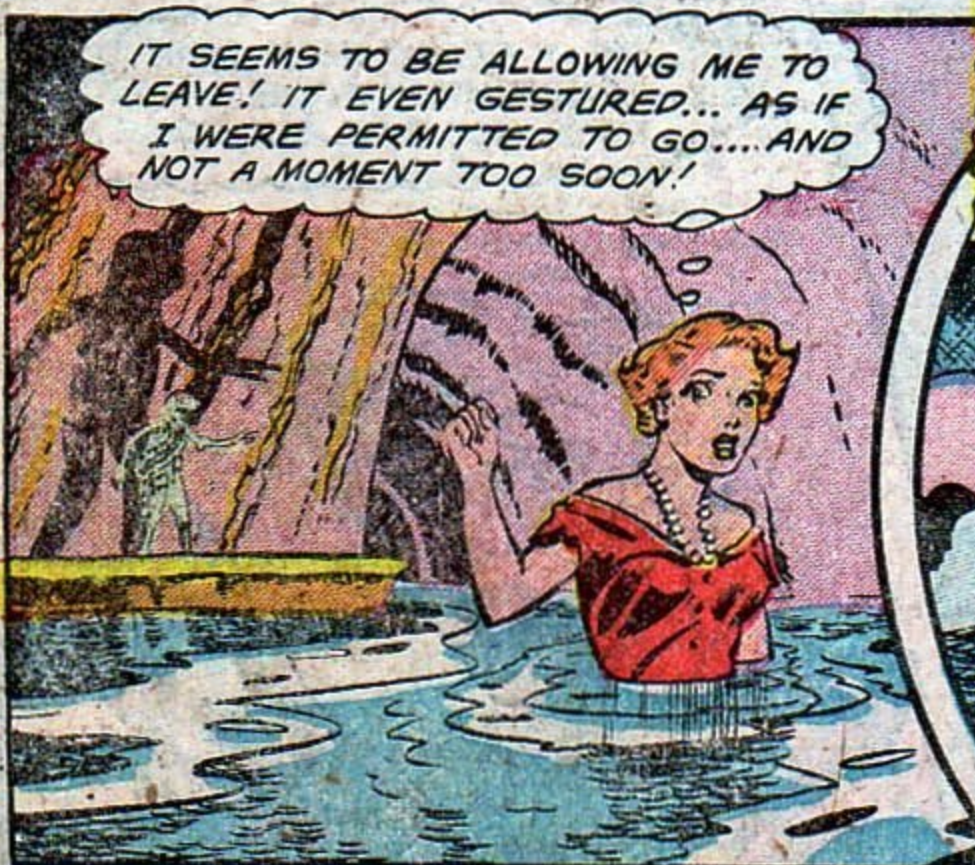
LOOK! I'LL DROWN! I'M NOT LIKE YOU! I'LL DROWN IN HERE WHEN THE TIDE IS HIGH! NO! I DON'T WANT THE PEARLS... I WANT FREEDOM!



THEY'RE BEAUTIFUL I KNOW, BUT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! IT'S MY FREEDOM I WANT! IF YOU'LL ONLY LET ME GO! IF YOU COULD ONLY UNDERSTAND ME!



I'LL MAKE A SUDDEN BREAK! I'LL TAKE HIM BY SURPRISE! I WON'T STAY HERE AND DROWN... NOT WITHOUT EVEN TRYING TO GET AWAY!



IT SEEMS TO BE ALLOWING ME TO LEAVE! IT EVEN GESTURED... AS IF I WERE PERMITTED TO GO... AND NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON!

BLINDLY, MARION STAGGERED THROUGH THE WATER, STUMBLING, WADING, SWIMMING AND STRAINING TO ESCAPE... ALMOST WITHOUT REALIZING IT, SHE REACHED HER CRAFT WHICH BOBBED FREELY IN THE DEEP WATERS OF THE FULL TIDE...

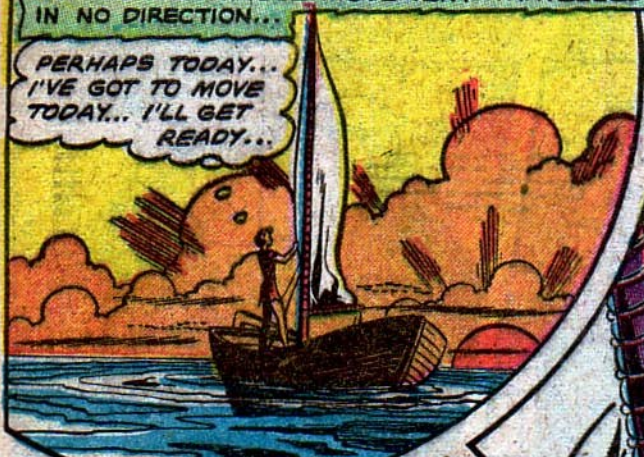


I DID IT! I DID IT! I GOT AWAY!



THE CALM PERSISTED... TWO NIGHTS AND TWO DAWNS MARION KNEW ONLY THE HEAVY SWAY OF THE SEA WHOSE MOVEMENT TRAVELLED IN NO DIRECTION...

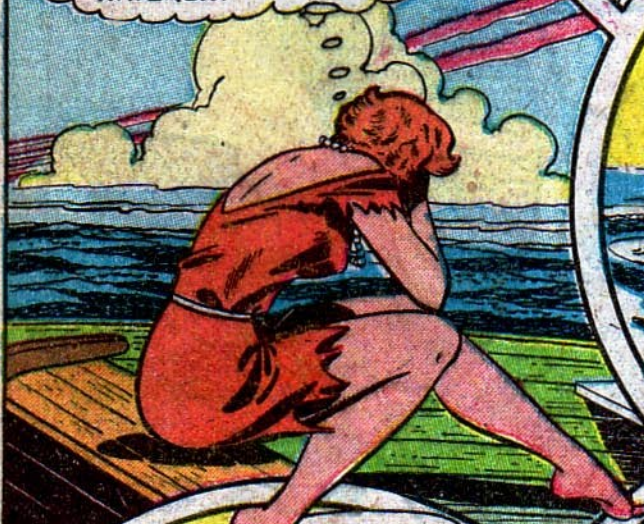
PERHAPS TODAY... I'VE GOT TO MOVE TODAY... I'LL GET READY...



EMPTY! NO SUPPLIES LEFT... AND STILL NO WIND...



IF ONLY A CRAFT WOULD COME PAST... BUT ONLY A FOOL LIKE ME WOULD CHANCE THESE WATERS...



WHAT SHALL I DO? HOW LONG MUST I WAIT?



WHAT EVIL IS HAUNTING ME? WHY CAN'T I GET AWAY FROM THAT AWFUL ISLAND?



CAN'T STAND THE SUN ANY LONGER... TOO MUCH...

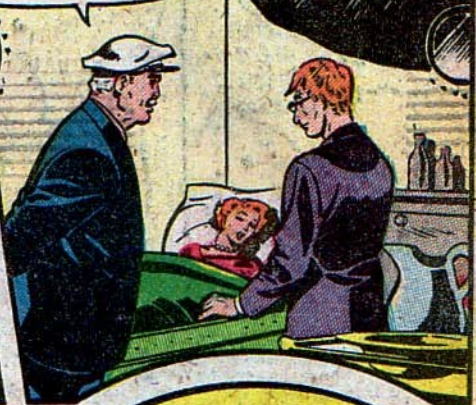


A DAY... PERHAPS A WEEK PASSED, BUT FINALLY MARION WAS SIGHTED AND AID WAS AT HAND...

LOOKS LIKE A DRIFTER, SIR...

HOW IS SHE, DOCTOR? SHE WAS JUST ABOUT GONE WHEN WE GOT TO HER...

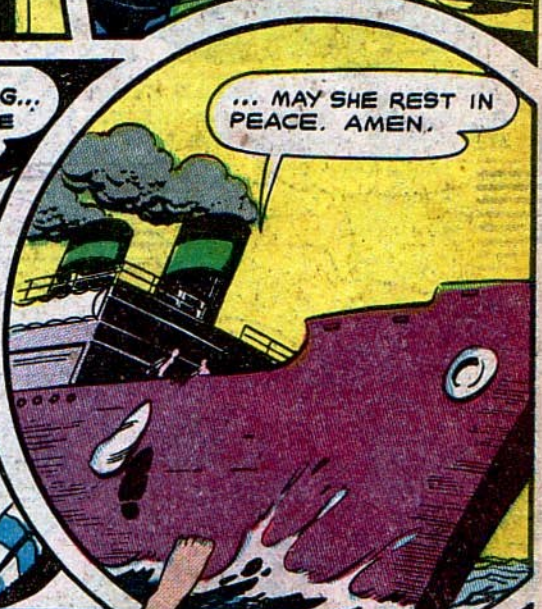
YOU WERE TOO LATE, CAPTAIN... SHE'S DEAD...



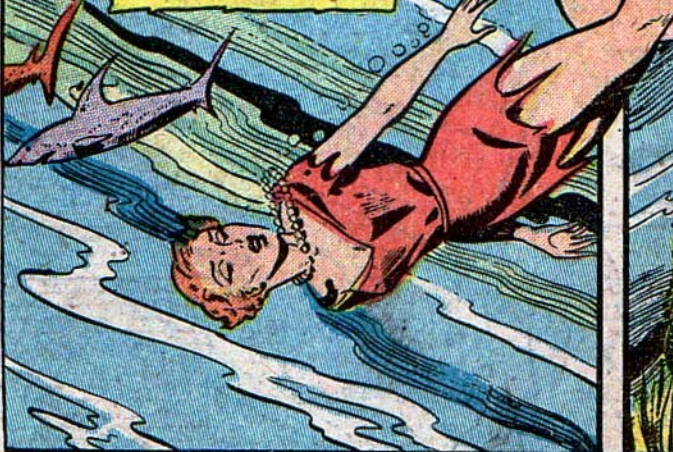
...AND NOT FROM EXPOSURE! AN ODD THING... SHE STRANGLER! THOSE PEARLS... THEY'RE STRUNG ON SORT OF A SEAWEED... THE SUN DRIED AND SHRUNK IT!



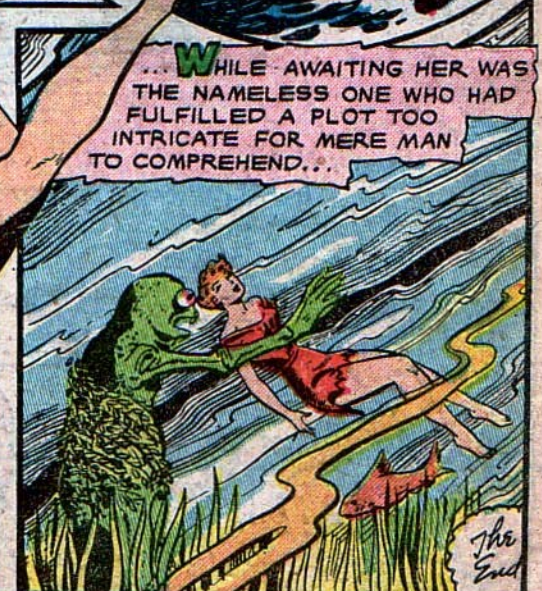
... MAY SHE REST IN PEACE. AMEN.



PEACE...THE COOL DEEP SEA CLOSED ABOUT MARION'S LIFELESS BODY...AND ODDLY ENOUGH THE NECKLACE EXPANDED BACK TO ITS FORMER LENGTH...



WHILE AWAITING HER WAS THE NAMELESS ONE WHO HAD FULFILLED A PLOT TOO INTRICATE FOR MERE MAN TO COMPREHEND...



The End

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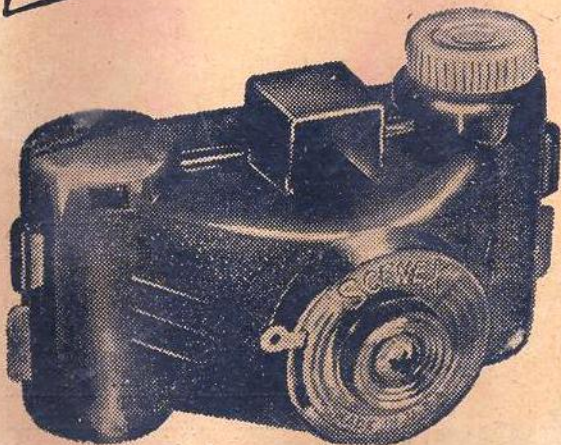
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